

HER SPLENDID SIN.

By HEADON HILL.

Author of "Unmasked at Last," "Her Grace at Bay," &c., &c.

CHAPTER XXV.

BLACK DICK'S LAST "RUN."

Two hours later Lesbia came out of her cabin where Leonard was lying. She beckoned Judy from her house. The interview between the two women had begun almost with a quarrel. Lesbia had insisted on giving up the cabin to the authorities for the cause of her cousin's death, thus cutting off her own means of support. She had made it possible for the authorities to retaliate on their relatives. But with tears in her eyes she had begged her not to submit herself to such infamy, pointing out that the mischief, so far as the future was concerned, was done already, that in all probability Reynell would be this time started in search of the stolen papers, and that in surrendering to the police Lesbia would be making a needless sacrifice.

In her weak condition she did not seem to borrow her lover with a desire of her other reason for seeking such a desperate remedy. To have told him of Reynell's odious proposals would have been to throw into his mind the "fever" which Judy had so dreaded for the patient. So, saying to herself the right to alter her decision later, she allowed his entreaties to prevail and promised not to inform the police against herself without further discussing the matter with him.

"Well," said Judy, following her out on deck, "I hope your young man has put some wisdom into you, and that there's to be no more of that folly about Inman Daubeny. He was a proper rip from all accounts, and if you really did settle his hash you did the world a good turn."

"I have a little while, Wynter, to do nothing for the present," said Lesbia, adding shyly: "I wonder whether you would let me stay and help you nurse Mr. Wynter? One reason is that I have been as good as turned out of my uncle's house. Till I can look after a little I have nowhere to go."

And the frank sympathy in Judy's fine eyes inviting confidence, she told her of the brutality she had been subjected to at the Grange, of how it came about through her endeavours to learn the plot against her lover, and of how she had intended to go to London to earn her living, but could not bear to leave Leonard wounded and miserable.

"I can sleep anywhere, and I don't eat much," she concluded simply. Besides, I have a few pounds to pay my way for a little while."

Judy, who had listened to the pathetic appeal with a fine play of emotions on her handsome face, threw formality to the winds, and taking the slender figure in her vigorous embrace administered a reassuring kiss.

"Stay," she cried. "Of course you shall! I judge, if you are so of your company, seeing that that cruel devil will come back before many hours are past."

In the storm and stress of her interview with Leonard, Lesbia had forgotten that oft-repeated phrase, "he will come back." But the vague surmise, the curious bewilderment, as to Judy's insistence upon it returned tenfold—till, even as she wondered, she thought that she had hit upon the solution.

"So James Reynell told you of the vile use he meant to make of his hold on me?" she said, "that he had threatened to denounce me if I would not consent to marry him?"

If Lesbia had been less self-centred and overthought, she might have noticed a fleeting shade of surprise in Judy's face—merely a passing glimmer that was so quickly followed by an expansive smile of comprehension that the last emotion successfully veiled the first.

"It didn't need him telling me," Judy evaded the direct question. "One had only got to ask two or three together to find out that he admitted it, and now that I've seen you I can't understand that he could do anything else. He'll come back, either expecting to find you here or to bully me into saying where you've gone."

"And I shall be at hand to answer for myself," said Lesbia, not perceiving that her new friend had actually seized upon and used as the motive which she had supplied for Reynell's possible reappearance. "I am doubly grateful to you for allowing me to stay and fight my own battles," she added. "It would not be fair, you dear girl, to leave you to face that fend alone."

The tinge of amusement in the smile that greeted the pretty speech was lost on the speaker, and the tact concealed the two girls changed the disagreeable subject for an exchange of views upon matters of less sinister import. Plainly as Lesbia was dressed, Judy had to be informed as to the price and material of her simple coat and skirt; and then the flower-bedecked hat and scarlet blouse in which the fair chintaine of the bulk had posed for her portrait were brought out and duly admired by her friend.

As the day wore on Lesbia felt her spirits revive. The keen salt air of the creek and the novelty of her surroundings after the dull repression of her wretched life amid the genteel household of her uncle's respectable household had an instant effect on her sensitive nature—a nature that had been starved and stifled for want of a little kindness. The wild-fowler's rough-and-ready daughter showed kindness upon her in abundance, and a still greater joy was that when next she visited her lover's arguments in favour of abandoning his quixotic resolve to confess and act at the mill were more convincing. The pleasure of knowing that she was with him had done him good. His body was stronger and his brain clearer, and he was able to demonstrate with a great show of truth that if her impulsive deed had been seized on by Reynell as a lever for de-

feating his aims it was also the fact that but for that deed the Wynters would never have had any aims to defeat. The chance would never have been accorded to them to put up the good fight they had for the treasure, or even to fight at all.

As Leonard plausibly pointed out, Inman Daubeny would, in the language which Lesbia herself had overheard and which had instigated her action, either have choked his secret or his life out of the poor old veteran at the windmill, in which case the wily Reynell would never have come into the piece as a leading actor—at any rate not with any hold on the victim of his present persecution.

"If I read the blackguard's character right," Leonard clinched his reasoning, "the Daubeny's would have had to look out for themselves, but

there would have been no question of my brave girl being tortured if you had not saved my grandfather's life that night. When did Reynell follow Inman to the mill if it was not to reap the benefit of the violence he expected his half-drunken boon companion to perpetrate? In protecting the old man, Lesbia, you unconsciously did your unpleasant relative at the Grange a good turn. You saved my dear old man from being strangled by that mad fool, and incidentally you probably saved Roger Daubeny from being blackmailed or murdered by Reynell later on."

Though she shook her head and deprecated being raised to the level of a heroine, Lesbia was in the mood to be content with the present, and when she rejoined Judy on deck the latter was quick to note the change.

"Made it all right, I can see," said the wild-fowler's daughter cheerfully. "Well, you stop up here while I go down and cook some grub. While I'm gone you must keep a good look-out and run down and let me know if anyone comes nigh us. Aftween those two sand hills is where you've got to look, and on that open water where a boat can pass into the creek."

They took it in turns during the rest of the day to wait upon Leonard and to watch the approaches to the creek, the last duty being at once the most onerous and the least productive of results, because, though the injured man rapidly improved under the ministrations of his two devoted handmaidens, no human being came into sight along the silent shore, and no boat approached through the equally silent narrow. Only the gulls screamed, and towards evening the occasional hoarse cry of cormorants high overhead and winging seaward broke the brooding stillness.

When at length night fell, Judy, who had never for more than a minute ceased to watch the shore of the creek, grew restless and uneasy. There was no moon, and it was no longer possible to see the path between the dunes or the narrow leading to the sea at the lower end of the creek. At about ten o'clock, when

Judy threw her arms round the wild-fowler's neck.

Lesbia was in the cabin making Leonard comfortable for the night, Judy from her station on the poop deck thought she heard the sound of oars pulling cautiously towards the bulk. Brave as she was she trembled slightly, for it was no light thing to have Reynell to deal with and no support but that of a helpless girl and a disabled man. And then the boat coming through the darkness was either her father and Andrea Voordam or her father and Andrea Voordam—a certainty. No one else would be abroad on those lonely waters at such a late hour.

The suspense did not last long. As the unseen craft ran alongside, Black Dick's voice, answered by the guttural tones of the Dutch sailor, told her that the invasion was a friendly one. A minute later the two men stepped across the gangway.

"Make the punt fast, lad," said Holt. "And stand by to get the cargo out. I want a word with my gal about what I've been preaching to you."

"And I want a word with you, father," said Judy, leading him aside.

"Mr. Wynter's young lady is aboard—come to tend him. You mustn't say anything to either of them about those jewels you found. It will upset them, and let them think they had a right to the stones, do you see?"

"As being the stones as Master Wynter expected to find through that paper," returned Holt. "That's exactly what I'm working my jaw about. Seems pretty clear to me that they are what the young chap was after. Andrea sold 'em for nigh on nine hundred pounds. The money is on me."

"Oh, is it?" said Judy indifferently. "In notes and cash. And see here, lass. A marmot has been biting my brain ever since morning to a funny tune—that the public I'd set my heart on must go by the board. The young chap and his gal must have the money, and glad I'll be to give it to them as a thank-offering that I didn't kill him—also as a kind of 'tossener for helping that devil to hurt him. Andrea agrees with me as it's the straight money. Nine hundred quid, it's a bit of a sacrifice to me, but it'll set 'em up in housekeeping."

Judy threw her arms round the wild-fowler's neck and kissed his rugged cheek. "You're a dear old Dad," she murmured. "You shall have your way and we'll act honest by the pair of 'em. But all in good time. I don't want them told about your find yet. First place, Mr. Wynter is quite happy now his sweetheart's here, and it might make him worse if he was excited; second place, that brute Reynell may likely come back after he'd read the paper, and that nine hundred pounds will be a good deal to him. I'll be sure when Reynell comes—and he'll take care of that—it'll be sport to see him rummaging the hold and finding nothing. Nine hundred pounds! My goodness, but he'll be just wild to have missed such a haul."

"But don't like it, Ju," said Holt doubtfully. "He may not nigh if I and Andrea ain't at the bulk."

"Not if I let him look where the paper says the jewels are," replied Judy lightly. "I shall let him threaten me a little and then give in. That's where the fun of it will be. It'll be a punishment, father—especially when he hears afterwards that the money had gone all the time and gave it up to Mr. Wynter."

"Black Dick's grin chuckled showed that the scheme pleased him. "Right you are, my girl," he said. "Let the swine come and run about in the ballast with his nice gentlemanly fingers, with you heartening him up through the hatchway. But I wouldn't doubt he'll really come after the fear of God I put into him yesterday."

Judy repeated the phrase that had become almost a refrain with her. "He'll come," she said as her father turned away to help Andrea raise certain mysterious packages from the well of the punt.

"A goodish load for me, lad, when we do our tramp on Thursday night," he remarked when the last parcel of contraband tobacco had been unburied on deck. "And we'd best be humming our silly selves as this was our last run."

And so, Black Dick, it was—if you had only known what the next few days were to bring to you and yours.

CHAPTER XXVI.

A DEFENSIVE ALLIANCE.

A council of war was in progress in the dining-room at the Grange. Roger Daubeny was seated in his armchair by the empty grate. Mr. Bartlett, alias "The Bengal Tiger," stood on the hearth-rug and James Reynell sat at the side table with writing materials before him.

"I think that will do so far as it goes," he remarked, after carefully reading what he had written. "It is essentially a case for a lawyer. I have simply told the revenue Johnny Gaylor, that if he and one or two policemen will be on the Kilmingham road, and look out for two pedestrians on Thursday evening, his zeal will be rewarded. The question is whether to specify Black Dick and his pal by name. Personally I am inclined against doing anything of the kind."

"Why?" growled Roger Daubeny. "Well, you see," Reynell proceeded in his confidential, plausible tones, "there's never any knowing how to have these infernal officials. Gaylor might prefer to run the show on his own lines and commence by rummaging the bulk on receipt of this letter, instead of waylaying the pair."

Which case he might forestall us in finding the spoil. "These excise beggars think nothing of ripping and tearing everything to pieces when they're on a hot scent. Isn't that so, Tiger?"

Bartlett muttered an affirmative, and Daubeny nodded his repulsive head.

"Again," continued the author of the scheme, "it seems pretty certain that if Gaylor elects to take the men on the road he will pay a domiciliary visit to the prisoner's abode directly afterwards—if he knows it. Supporting our operations at the bulk hung fire for any reason it would be more than awkward to have such an interruption."

"But Holt would give his name and address on being arrested," said Daubeny suspiciously. It almost seemed as if every suggestion of the man he had been compelled to make his accomplice called up a latent hostility.

Reynell half turned in his chair, smiling. "Now, my dear Mr. Daubeny, if you were in a similar position, would you give your captors such a stick to beat you with?" he said pleasantly. "I am quite sure that you would be Smith of Lowestoft or Brown of Yarmouth—certainly not Mr. Holt of the bulk in Deadman's Creek. Black Dick is not exactly a juggins, and he won't give his last name away if he can help it. There's the chance that Gaylor or one of the police escort may recognise him, but it is improbable, and we must incur that risk—a very slight one, seeing that the supervisor is sure to bring his bobbies with him from Yarmouth. He wouldn't chance the leakage of confiding in the local constable."

"Sound reasoning," ejaculated Bartlett from the hearth-rug. "You agree, Mr. Daubeny, to leave it at that and not to be more exact?"

"The People's Year Book for 1908 gives a list of leading English writers, together with their representative works. See page 12."

pliot?" persisted Reynell suavely. "You are the managing director, you know. The decision rests with you."

"Oh yes, have it as you like, but for God's sake let's have some devil's soon, or I'll find a way to play the game of my own bat. There have been too many words in the job, with nothing to show for them," snarled the host.

"The Bengal Tiger" looked down at the speaker curiously, while Reynell with a tolerant shrug wheeled round to the business of sealing and addressing the anonymous letter.

There! he said, rising briskly when the process was complete. "I'll just go out and post it. I shall be back in half a jiffy."

He left the room without any invitation to his friend to accompany him, and for quite five minutes after his departure the two men left behind preserved silence. It might almost have been called an eloquent silence, for each was telling himself that the man who had just gone out was not to be trusted, and each was asking himself how far he could trust the other.

Suddenly Roger Daubeny looked up, his sombre eyes scanning the vast proportions of "The Tiger" in a cold scrutiny that seemed to appraise him as a piece of valuable furniture. The placid, ruminative stare with which

Barlett began to pace restlessly up and down, the stealthiness of his foot-fall remarkable in one of his bulk, and singularly suggestive of the tread of a feline animal, presently paused and looked down at the master of the Grange.

"Is the creek to be reached by water?" he asked.

"Yes, through dykes fairly navigable for a small boat," was the reply. "Kilmingham is the nearest point to the creek—not more than three miles away. But why do you ask?"

Barlett's answer was the significant question: "Can you manage a boat?"

Roger Daubeny laughed savagely. "You don't only row with your arms," he said. "What use would this foot be against a stretcher? And sailing is out of the question. The dykes are like a cross-bow, so that the wind would be fair for a little way and then dead against you by turns. You were going to suggest that I should make my way separately to the bulk by water, and appear unexpectedly? Not a bad scheme, if it didn't happen to be absolutely impracticable."

"But is it?" rejoined Bartlett, half-musingly. "I should propose that you should openly demand to accompany us and that we should all go by water. If I didn't know Reynell's ways, he would readily acquiesce and adapt himself to the altered programme of doing some plan for beating the two us some damned, ingenious devilry that neither of us would foresee. Yet I attach the greatest importance to your being there—provided your presence takes him by surprise. There are other methods of traversing water besides sailing and sailing. How about an electric launch?"

"Ah, I could manage that," Daubeny exclaimed, jumping at the notion. "I have made a study of electricity and mechanics. There would be nothing to do but sit still and steer, and I used to be a good helmsman in my younger days. I know of a man at Lowestoft who has a small yacht to launch for hire. It could be carted to Kilmingham by road."

"And you could go to Kilmingham in a fly, timing it to leave here just after Reynell and I have started to walk across the marshes. I know of a man at Lowestoft who has a small yacht to launch for hire. It could be carted to Kilmingham by road."

Roger Daubeny rose stiffly and hobbled to the side table vacated by Reynell. "I'll write to the launch man at once," he said.

"And I will post it," replied Bartlett. "Every move we make must be with a view to deceiving my dear London partner. I know of the fly, the minutest detail of the arrangement, please bear that in mind, Mr. Daubeny. I am not of a nervous temperament, as you may imagine, but I confess that I am afraid of James Reynell—not if it came to grips, but of his beastly cunning. He is a dangerous brute."

Daubeny's pen scratched to a finish, and he hobbled back with the letter. "And are you not also to be labelled dangerous?" he said sneeringly. "I find myself wondering that I am trusting you. What's to prevent your wiping out Reynell first and myself afterwards, and clearing out with the spoil?"

"The Tiger" laughed grimly. "Jem and I are different types of the London wrong-un," he said. "Like most men who play lone hands he has never been popular enough in the confraternity to have a pet name. You know what mine is; his ought to have been 'The Snake.' I'm an ugly fellow to crackle, and I'm also a one-eyed man, and just at present my idea is to come out top dog in this bout with a false pal. I have no time to harbour designs against you, Mr. Daubeny. I shall be quite satisfied with my half share in Jim Reynell's little bit, though I fully expect to get more than that."

"How?" said Daubeny, moved by genuine curiosity.

"By having in self defence to choke the life out of him, and by collaring the whole of his share," was the bold reply.

In the meanwhile Reynell, after posting the anonymous letter which was to lay Black Dick and Andrea Voordam by the heels, sat down to the edge of the marshes. There he waited till far out along the dyke-path a tiny speck came into view, which presently took shape as Nick Sturman, the son of the landlord of the Running Stag.

"Well!" demanded Reynell, as his ragged emissary came up.

"Mistake for the bulk right enuff," said the man with a cunning leer. "I need her from where I lay buried like a rabbit in the sand. And I need Black Dick, too, and that big Dutchy that comes with him to the Stag sometimes—him as be sweet on Judy Holt."

"Good lad!" said Reynell. "There's an extra job for that last bit of instruction, since it wasn't in the contract. What were the men up to? Going fishing or shooting, or what?"

"No, they was just idle, loafing about on deck and smoking their pipes. Got their heads close together jawing most of the time."

"Setting their plan of campaign for Thursday night," Reynell chuckled softly to himself. He stood in deep thought for a while gazing over the marshes, to which the sails of the windmill made a picturesque foreground. Suddenly he dropped his eyes to Nick Sturman's crafty face.

"Look here, nipper, you haven't done so badly out of me," he said. "But you're going to do better still. Did you ever have a golden sovereign all for your very own? No? Well, you're going to have one now, if you do what I tell you without getting found out."

"What be I to do?" murmured the boy, in an awestruck whisper at the prospect of such wealth.

"There are plenty of empty bottles at your place, I suppose?"

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SEARCH IN THE FOG.

HOOK OF HOLLAND CASTAWAYS ALL SAVED

One of the most dramatic episodes of the week has been the loss and recovery of a number of persons cast adrift in an open boat off the Hook of Holland. They were a party of the passengers and crew of the G.E. Bly, Co.'s s.s. Amsterdam, which was making a voyage from Harwich, collided with the ship of the same name, and the crew and passengers were cast adrift in an open boat. The boat was picked up by a fishing vessel, and the crew and passengers were saved. The boat was found to be in a very bad state of repair, and the crew and passengers were in a very bad state of health. The boat was found to be in a very bad state of repair, and the crew and passengers were in a very bad state of health. The boat was found to be in a very bad state of repair, and the crew and passengers were in a very bad state of health.

Subsequently a sailor in a small boat was landed, but the missing boat could not be found, though prompt search was made. Mr. Paul Spiering, brother of the Capt. Spiering who owned such fame by his heroism in connection with the wreck of the Berlin, dived on Wednesday to ascertain the amount of damage to the Amsterdam. He discovered two boats, respectively three and two feet wide, forward of the engine-room. During the search for the missing boat a collision occurred between the boat and the Hook of Holland, and the boat was badly damaged. The boat was found to be in a very bad state of repair, and the crew and passengers were in a very bad state of health. The boat was found to be in a very bad state of repair, and the crew and passengers were in a very bad state of health.

Search for the Boat. Tugs went out in all directions to search for the missing boat, but their efforts were much impeded by the dense fog that prevailed. Indeed, for some time the search had to be given up on this account. The boat was provisioned with biscuit and water sufficient to last some days, and carried oars, sails, and a compass. It was thought that the castaways might have been taken on board one of the vessels lying off the waterway.

It was also possible that the boat might have gone ashore near the waterway, and passengers accordingly patrolled the coast, searching for any signs of them. The third possibility was that the boat was in the open sea. The captain of the steam lifeboat declared that it was useless to leave port again, owing to the thick fog, which made it impossible to distinguish vessels quite close at hand. As soon as the fog lifted the search was renewed.

Found at Last. Needless to say the public anxiety was very great. The Great Eastern Railway authorities spared no pains or expense in the search, and did their best to allay anxiety, and did their best to allay anxiety, and did their best to allay anxiety.

It is interesting now to recall the story told by a member of the crew of the Vienna, which left the Hook at 7.15 on Thursday morning for Harwich. "After we left the Hook," he said, "we had to steer our way very carefully through the maze of shipping at anchor off the New Waterway. Just as we were passing the last of them we heard the bell of one of the vessels anchored further away from the harbour (the Songa was 20 miles from the Hook) ringing violently, as if to attract our attention. It was more than a fog warning, and, from the vigorous manner in which the bell was rung, Capt. Bly, the commander of the Vienna, was certain that the vessel had something to communicate. He would not hazard his ship in the fog, however, by trying to get nearer. Capt. Bly thought it quite possible that the passengers and crew from the missing boat had been taken on board this vessel, and that they were anxious to notify us of the fact."

A Londoner's Message. Mr. Franz Grunbrecht sent a telegram to his home at 164, Camberwell, announcing his safety as soon as he was landed. His relatives, who had spent a most anxious two days, were naturally greatly relieved. Mr. Grunbrecht, who is a cocoa merchant, was on a large way of business, and was on his way to Amsterdam. Although he has crossed the Harwich-Hook of Holland route on many occasions, this is the first exciting experience he has had through, and probably he will be the last of it. On receipt of the news of the safety of the missing passengers and crew, the local Pressmen at Parkstone hastened to Dovercourt to inform the relatives of the crew that their breadwinners were safe. Each Pressman took up one of the cases. The first party acquainted with the wife of the missing man, who, on hearing the news, burst into tears of joy, and had not had sleep for several nights, and the loss of her husband would have been the greatest blow of her life, as, beyond a widowed mother, she had no one left. A similar case was witnessed at the house of the

mother of Miss Smith, the chief stewardess. While the joy of the relatives of Mr. Platt, who is a widow, was most affecting to witness. Tears followed hysterics, and the mother ran from room to room shouting out the glad news.

Drifted About Twenty Miles. There were seven English people among the rescued passengers, their names being Mr. Frank Grunbrecht, of Camberwell; Mr. C. H. Furdon, of Selborne; Mr. J. H. Durrant, of Bristow; Mr. Henry Durrant, of Liverpool; Mrs. Lear, of Shrewsbury; Mr. Wilsback, of Yarmouth; and Mr. Tyrrell, of Yarmouth. The English members of the crew were Claxton, chief steward; and Platt, Rivers, and Smith, stewardesses. When the castaways left the Amsterdam, the boat was in a very bad state of repair, and the crew and passengers were in a very bad state of health. The boat was found to be in a very bad state of repair, and the crew and passengers were in a very bad state of health.

A Castaway's Story. Mr. Francis Alvan Frost, of Paris, one of the castaways, told the following story: "As soon as the disaster happened we 23 were got into the boat. It was foggy and dark, and we could not see two yards before us. The sea was calm but heavy. The tide swept us to the north. We had a compass, but no matches. It was intensely cold, and as several passengers had forgotten their overcoats they felt it greatly. Most of us had not our luggage. Three men of the crew and one passenger rowed. We hoped to land on the North Pier at once, for we heard the bell ringing. Then we shouted all together, and back came an answer from a ship in the neighbourhood. Half-frozen we were picked up by the Songa, and Capt. Bly did his best to make us comfortable. The women all showed great courage. Our reception on board the Songa was very kindly. The captain at once gave us his cabin for the women. We shall certainly offer him a present of thankfulness for his kindness. The fact that two of the passengers were ill made our brief experience a little more trying."

THE PATENTS ACT.

MR. LLOYD-GEORGE AS A PROTECTOR.

Mr. Lloyd-George, the President of the Board of Trade, made a remarkable speech in the House of Commons on the subject of the Patents Act, which was passed in 1907. He said that the Act was a very important one, and that it was a very important one, and that it was a very important one.

Referring to the new Patents Act, he said: "What I shall object to, as far as the Board of Trade is concerned, is any monopoly conferred by British law being used to the detriment of British industries. I am very pleased to be able to tell you that already foreign firms are beginning to realise that in future, if they want to preserve the privilege of the British patent law, they must work their patents in this country. There have been a considerable number of inquiries from powerful foreign syndicates as to our interpretation of the law, and there have been inquiries already in different parts of the country by foreign firms for sites for building factories. Two or three factories, I know, are already in course of construction, which will employ thousands of men, and all in order to escape this little Patents Act."

THE IRISH PARTY.

PENDING LITIGATION DROPPED. It is officially intimated that the actions which were pending by Messrs. D. D. Sheehan, M.P., and John O'Donnell, M.P., against Mr. John Redmond and the treasurers of the Irish Party have been abandoned. The plaintiffs claimed damages for expulsion from the Irish party and for being deprived of the Sessional allowance as members of the Irish party. The recent reunion has led to this arrangement.

LATCHKEY VOTERS.

"ONE LAW FOR MACKNEY, ANOTHER FOR DEVONPORT."

In the Appeal Court the "Latchkey Voters" test case was heard. Mr. Kent, the Conservative Agent for Devonport, appealed from an order of a Divisional Court, discharging two rules calling upon the Revising Bar to state the reasons for their objections to 1,500 voters being placed on the list as occupiers. The question was whether these voters were lodgers or occupiers. They lived in houses in which the landlord, who let the rooms, also resided and was rated for the whole premises. Mr. Justice K.C. in support of the appeal, pointed out that in Hackney the Revising Barrister took just the opposite course to that followed in Devonport, and people naturally said there could not be one law for Hackney and another for Devonport. The Court ordered the case to be sent back to the Revising Barrister to state the reasons for their objections to 1,500 voters being placed on the list as occupiers. The case was a very interesting one, and it was a very interesting one, and it was a very interesting one.

NEW L.C.C. CHAIRMAN.

It was definitely decided this week at a meeting of the Council of the London County Council that Mr. R. A. party in the present leader of the Robinson. Mr. Robinson, who was nominated for the chairmanship of the Council in March next, in succession to Mr. H. Percy Harris.

LABOUR PARTY

FORMALLY ADOPTS SOCIALISM.

MAJORITY OF 45,000.

JUBILANT VICTORS SING THE "RED FLAG."

The great event of the week in the political, as well as the labour, world has been the capture of the Labour party by the Socialists at the Trade Union Conference, which was held at Hull. The Amalgamated Society of Engineers brought forward the following resolution:—"That, in the opinion of this conference, the time has arrived when the Labour party should have as a definite object the socialisation of the means of production, distribution, and exchange, to be controlled by a democratic State in the interest of the entire community, and the complete emancipation of labour from the domination of capitalism and landlordism, with the establishment of social and economic equality between the sexes."

The previous day the Congress had by 10 to 1 declared against Socialism, but the Socialists were determined to

Socialist? If you are not you cannot come within the Labour party."

The Voting. Mr. Grayson jumped up to reply, but a section of the conference declined to hear him, and amid considerable disorder the chairman accepted a motion for the closure. This was carried by 500,000 votes to 41,200. The resolution was then put amid considerable excitement. The result was declared as follows:—

For the resolution 514,000
Against 41,200
Majority 45,000

The scene which followed the announcement of the figures showed to the full the significance of the Socialists' victory. In a moment the entire congress was a mob of shouting and yelling delegates. The Socialists were wild with delight. Led by Mr. Victor Grayson, M.P., they started singing the Socialist anthem, "Keep the red flag flying." The chairman banged his gong, but he could do nothing to quell the tumult. The Socialists had, after the most strenuous fight in the history of the Labour party, succeeded in stamping it definitely as a Socialist organization.

Importance of the Vote. The vote is clearly one of the utmost importance, both to Labour and to Liberalism. It is certain to widen the gulf between the two sections of the Labour party, and exacerbate the differences and jealousies between the rival leaders. It is the first real victory of the out and out Socialists over

LARGER NAVY.

ESTIMATES TO BE INCREASED.

COST OF NEW ARMY.

It is understood that the Cabinet has already considered the question of the Army and Navy Estimates. Some slight uncertainty exists regarding the former, as it is by no means quite established that the Territorial Army will be evolved as cheaply as was anticipated, but Mr. Haldane is understood to be prepared for the possibility of certain slight modifications. Nevertheless, it is expected that he will be able to show that the new system is working well on the financial lines which he anticipated—viz., the expenditure of £27,500,000. Little change need be anticipated for the moment.

Cruisers and Destroyers. As regards the Navy, there will be an increase in the Estimates, though not a large one. There will be no special scheme of battleship construction in reply to the efforts of other countries in this direction. This may be necessitated in the 1909-10 Estimates, and there are many well-informed people who regard this course as practically certain. As already stated, the Estimates will this year more especially provide for cruiser and destroyer programmes. Several of the Bills al-

ELECTION NEWS.

SIX VACANCIES TO BE FILLED.

INTERESTING CONTESTS.

The magnificent victory won for Tariff Reform in Mid Devon has greatly stimulated public interest in the other bye-elections now pending. They are six in number, four being Radical seats, one Unionist, and one Nationalist. The names of the contestants in which the contests will take place are as follows:—

LEEDS (South).

Vacancy caused by the death of Sir J. Lawson Walton. Radical candidate, Mr. W. Middlebrook, solicitor, of Leeds. Name of Unionist will be announced to-morrow. A three-cornered contest is certain. At the last election the figures were:—

Sir J. Lawson Walton, K.C. (R.) 6,300
Mr. A. Fox (Lab) 4,030
Sir H. Fairfax Lucey (U) 2,126

R. maj. 2,170

HEREFORD (North).

Vacancy caused by the death of Lieut.-Col. Alan Gardner (R.). Candidates: Capt. Percy Clive (U), Mr. W. W. Thomson (R.). The figures at the last election were:—

Col. Alan Gardner (R.) 4,497
Capt. P. A. Clive (U) 4,185

R. maj. 312

Nominations to-morrow. Polling Friday.

READING.

It is stated that Sir Rufus Isaacs, M.P. (R.), will be the next Attorney-General, in succession to the late Sir J. Lawson Walton. This would mean that a place of greater importance would have to be found in the Government for the present Solicitor-General Sir W. S. Robinson. Sir Rufus Isaacs' appointment would also mean a bye-election in his constituency, Reading. The figures at the General Election were:—

Sir R. Isaacs (R.) 5,407
Mr. G. H. Johnston (U) 4,710

R. maj. 697

A three-cornered contest would be likely, as the constituency is very largely industrial.

WORCESTER.

Disfranchised for corruption. Candidates: Mr. E. A. Toulton (U), Mr. H. Elveston (R.). The figures at the last election were:—

Mr. G. H. Williamson (U) 3,881
Mr. H. D. Harben (R) 3,754

U. maj. 127

Nearly a hundred Unionist voters were disfranchised after the election.

CORNWALL (St. Austell).

Vacancy caused by the resignation of Mr. W. A. McArthur. Candidates: The Hon. T. C. Agar-Robartes (R.). No Unionist yet selected. The figures at the last election were:—

Mr. W. A. McArthur (R.) 5,667
Mr. E. Garnett (U) 2,516

R. maj. 3,151

CARLOW.

Vacancy created by the death of Mr. John Hammond (N.). At the general election Mr. Hammond was returned, unopposed. Nominations have been fixed for Feb. 3, and polling for the following Monday. Mr. W. Kavanagh has decided to submit his name to the Nationalist Convention, which meets to select a candidate next Tuesday.

NEXT GENERAL ELECTION.

BIRKENHEAD.—Mr. A. Bigland (U.), of Shrewsbury-rd., Birkenhead, has been recommended as prospective candidate.

FLINT BOROUGH.—Mr. H. A. Tibby (U), of Rhyl, has been unanimously selected as prospective candidate.

SWINDON (Lowestoft).—Mr. H. S. Foster has been selected as prospective U. candidate. Mr. Foster represented the constituency from 1892 to 1905.

PORTSMOUTH.—Mr. R. G. Lucas (U) has withdrawn his candidature on the ground of ill-health.

Miners' Candidates.

At a meeting of Lancashire miners' delegates, held in Manchester yesterday, it was announced that the Lancashire Miners' Federation, at the next General Election intended to contest the following five seats:—St. Helens, Ince, Wigan, Leigh, and N. Manchester. St. Helens and Ince are already represented by Labour members. Wigan is a Unionist seat, while Leigh and N. Manchester have Radical representation.

ADDRESS TO THE THRONE

MOVERS AND SECONDEES SELECTED.

The movers and seconders to the Address in reply to the speech from the Throne next Wednesday have been selected. In the Lords the Address will be moved by Lord Alreale and seconded by Lord Nunburnholme. Lord Alreale, formerly known as Sir J. Kitson, is a very recent addition to the peerage, while the seconders, at least even more recent date, succeeded his father in the title. In the House of Commons the Address will be moved by Mr. R. C. Lehmann, M.P. for the Market Harborough Division of Leicestershire, and seconded by Mr. W. Howard Davies, M.P. for Bristol South.

NEW BISHOPS.

The Very Rev. Dr. C. J. Radgway, until recently Dean of Carlisle, was yesterday consecrated Bishop of Chester in Westminster Abbey, the Rev. Herbert J. Molloy being at the same time elevated to the Episcopate as Bishop in Mid-China. In the case of Dr. Radgway, the presenting Prelates were the Bishops of London and Winchester, and in the laying on of hands several diocesan and suffragan bishops assisted the Primate.

Sweet Singer's Despair.

A Carl Rosa Artist's doleful experience of Anemia.

Relates also how she was cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Miss Grace Foster, a popular contralto, of the Carl Rosa Opera Company, was interviewed recently by a reporter just after a performance. She was looking as bright and happy as the successful artist in good health always does look after a cordial reception.

"My whole soul is devoted to music," she said. "Having successfully entered upon an operatic career, I was terribly distressed when, five years ago, my health became so 'run down' that my life was almost despaired of. Though I look strong and healthy now I was almost like a walking skeleton then."

"My eyes grow dim and heavy, my lips and gums were bloodless, there was a dull ache under my shoulder blades, and every time I breathed I felt a sharp pain in my left side. Fits of giddiness often overcame me. Although hungry, I detested the sight or smell of food, and after every slight meal I suffered such distress that I had to rest. Sound, refreshing sleep entirely deserted me, and I always felt languid."

"I was scarcely ever free from severe headaches. My limbs, owing to the lack of blood, felt chilled, and neuralgia attacked me. At this time I was a pale, nerveless, shattered wreck, and it was only Dr. Williams' Pink Pills that rescued me from this state, and built up my health and strength. For some time I took no other medicine than Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and steadily I could feel their splendid effect upon my blood. My appetite became excellent, and all traces of indigestion, as well as of Anemia, disappeared. I enjoyed refreshing sleep, and in time regained my proper weight with that perfect health which has continued ever since."

As with Miss Grace Foster, so it has been with countless other victims of Anemia and Indigestion. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills fill the veins with plenty of New Blood, Rich Blood, and strengthen the system. So they have cured Anemia, Indigestion, and Dizziness, Palpitations, Rheumatism, Sciatica, Paralysis, and Women's Aches and Pains. But only the genuine pills cure, and for, and see that you get them. They have printed on each package the full name—Seven words—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. Obtainable of all dealers, or sent direct by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, 66, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.1. Post free 2s. 9d. for one box, or 5s. 9d. for six boxes. Usual box looks like this: "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People." It will be sent free on application to above address.—[Advt.]

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Mr. Langley, said, "Xanthology and brought in Mr. Fanshaw, a untied her hands.—Prisoner w mandated.

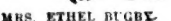
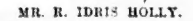
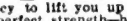
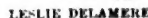
to insanity, and that from his
ations of prisoner he decided
his outbreaks were decidedly
tional.—The hearing was adjourned
until to-morrow.

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KNOWN TO BE THE TRUE PRESERVER OF FREEDOM, AND MAY BE CALLED 'THE PEOPLE.'—*Vicar of Wakefield* (chap. 19).

Every member of the Unionist party—and, indeed, every Liberal or

Society of Engineers, and those delegates to the Labour Conference at Hull who voted with him, for the re-

used, by a majority of more than ten to one, to identify the cause of the Labour party with that of socialism. But that that was largely a party of this description. We were told a year ago that there was a danger of disorder, that the storm of change and reaction was

Unions are not by any means wholly Socialist; wherefore it was thought prudent not to alarm the non-

Extent of the Disorder. Thousands of persons have been involved in these riots, and many the

teeth of a large minority—with the result that the Labour party now stands officially committed to a full-

continue to find the money for the Socialist campaign? Or will they realize the fact that the policy of summer spending is capital based?

It would, I think, be a mistake us to be too cock-a-hoop over the suit in Mid-Devon, notwithstanding the extraordinary triumph obtain-

of this country are Socialists, or ever will be, have little fear of the consequences of last Wednesday's vote.

who is not a Socialist that the Labour party must, henceforward, be regarded as nothing else than a portion of the Socialist organisation

but, in the meantime, every working man in the country, and especially the Radical working man, had better

humble servant of the men who want to see this country run by the Poplar Guardians or other folk of the same kindred. Mr. Stephenson's resolution

VIOLET AND THOMAS.

0 was told at Bow-st., yesterday, when
0 Thos. Sullivan, a bus conductor,
0 living in Mulre-st., Lambeth, was
0 charged before Sir A. de Ruizen with

girl, stated that she made the acquaintance of prisoner seven months ago when riding on a bus of which he was the conductor. He visited

days he resigned his position as 'bus conductor, and she had given him £2 or £3 a week. He told her from the first that

left Millman-st., and took a flat in Great James-st., prisoner buying furniture with money she supplied

Prosecutrix: I did not want him any more, but I was willing to help him if he would keep away from me. When prisoner and his wife met in

CROWN JEWEL THEFT.

er to the last investment in the past few days. JAMES AWA



isted.
have at last come
and have hoisted
Socialism. In the
etson, M.P., it is
a selector to say
"not" and, if the
report "then you
Labour party!"
of the delegates
ism is the goal
r party are striv-
for rejection to
erals. It will be
for "C.B." and
stand tit in sur-
fluence of the
are not assisting
by their own
oor party are

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are naturally
to belittle
fulfill. They tell
after all, does
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and that Socialism
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danger. Sophis-
have been the
apologetics ever
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do in the Garden
to know, how-
generals are getting
way the Govern-
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well to ram the
speech last Thurs-

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and carry on their

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the community in
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firing into houses,
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The nationalists
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to save Crosby
the Government
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Crosby Hall, it would
unique specimen of
ture.

"going off" after
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feet. This is not
If only their Pro-
ctors had not been so
about their leaving
water would by this
with buildings, in-
ing a crop of weeds

WIDE AWAKE.

WIFE'S DECEIT.

A TELL-TALE LIKENESS.

WIDOW'S STORY.

EXTRAORDINARY EVIDENCE.

SECRET MARRIAGE.

RETURN TO THE EAST
He returned in June, 1963, but only for a short while, because he and his wife took to each other, and then he went back to India. Some letters passed between them, but the last was in September, 1964, when he wrote a letter to his wife, saying he would be back. Both she and friends wrote to let him know she was coming home. But she never came.

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and husband	Sidney Harvey Rogers, an
and this	living in Maida Vale, ask
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MISS ANNIE HUGHES. [Photo, Boston]

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